## NEAL of the NAVY

BY WILLIAM HAMILTON OSBORNE

Author of "Red Mouse," "Running Fight, " "Catman, " "Blue Buchle," etc.

Novelized from the Photo Play of the Same Name Produced by the Pathe Exchange, Inc.

ing Pictures of each installme at of "Neal Of The Navy" will be every Friday night at the Dreamland Theatre.

the day of the cruption of Mount Capt. John Hardin of the steamer are rescues five-year-old Annette in from an open boat, but is forced to be behind her father and his commiss. Hington is assaulted by Hericand Ponto in a vain attempt to apers which Hington has managed ad aboard the Princess with his ter, papers proving his title to and the whereabouts of the lost island inabar. Hington's injury causes his to hecome a blank. Thirteen years, Hernandez, now an opium amuginth Ponto, Inez, a female accommon the indicess brute that once lington, come to Scaport, where the rof Captain Hardin is living with an Neal and Annette Hington, and a steal the papers left to Annette father. Neal tries for admission. Naval academy, but through the left of Joey Welcher is defeated by and disgraced. Neal enlists in the Inez sets a trap for Joey and the raiors get him in their power. He is steal the papers for them but mally sets fire to the Hardin home be brute-man rescues Annette with ally sets fire to the Hardin home brute-man rescues Annette with its from the flames. Annette dishat heat applied to the map releaston of the lost Island. Subject in a struggle for its possession is torn in three parts. Hernancite and Neal each securing a Annette eatls on the Coronado of her father. The crew, crazed as amuzeled aboard by Hernancity, and are overcome by a party from U. S. Destroyer led by Neal.

## SIXTH INSTALLMENT THE CAVERN OF DEATH

CHAPTER XXV.

A Secret Service Message. I turned to Annette, "Good," he ned, "you're safe at any rate.

the laughed a bit hysterically.

"Mate," he said, "shoot the first on who disobeys. I've got other

went back to his work. He wigged to the Jackson for his orders. orders were brief and to the

fou take charge of the steamer.

are sending help." e took charge of the steamer, not

because he was ordered, but be-

lieutenant's wounds carefully and attitically dressed-had all his companions well attended to-in t. in a few hours he had righted

ship completely. signaled for further orders, for Coronado was now resting quietly nchor, and he got his orders:

'ut into the nearest port." midnight they had reached the est port-had docked. By midt he had landed all his passengers had reported considerable progto his commander on the Jack-

By midnight something clac ened-a secret service message ed through space and got the ess operator on the destroyer. iced from cipher, it read about

nerican citizen said collecting and ammunition at Martinique orto Rico for Dolores insurrec-Follow at once. Investigate, arprevent. Report.

at morning this news had filtered Neal. He took it to the homely hotel where Annette and his er and their party had been harfor the night. He dropped into

ow," he said, "I can talk and to some talk. Gee whiz, but I'm ired."

nette pouted; then she smiled. "I to talk," she said. And then she two significant words. "Sear-

al leaped to his feet. "Sear-face," ried. "Where? When? What?" the Coronado," said Annette. as the Razor Back. w him twice-Scar-face and his

all me everything," said Neal. parded the Coronado and gave or boxes.

ders for a search. The search was made, but without avail, for at midnight on the night before something else happened. Hernandez and his two companions, together with his cargo of cocaine and heroin, had slipped quietly overboard into a bor-

rowed rowboat and had disappeared. Neal, chagrined, went back to An-"The bird has flown," he said dis-

gruntled. "Where do you go, Neal?" queried

his mother. "It's an open secret where we go," said Neal, "but why we go nobody

knows. We go first to Martinique-" Annette sprang to her feet. "Martinique," she cried, "that is where my father came from-where you picked me up. I go there, too, Neal. It's the beginning point. It is there I can find trace of my father."

Inez shrugged her shoulders. "It is fate," she said.

"We will all go," said Mrs. Hardin, "we will stick to Neal. But how?" "Search me," said Neal, "but I can find that out-there must be some vegsel from this port for southern wa-

Inez rose and placed a hand on Welcher's shoulder. "Leave it to Joey here and me," she said.

They scoured the town, but Inez Castro was looking for something other than a boat for Martinique. Finally she saw what she was looking for-a grimy hand thrust from behind a window shade.

Pausing before the door of a disreputable-looking habitation, she glanced up and down the street, then dragging Joe Wetcher close behind her she entered the low doorway and passed into the gloom beyond. A moment later she faced Hernandez and

Wesener late & chair, "so my finsh friends, where do you think we go to

she placed before him.

"I knew your father well fifteen or sixteen years ago even before that. I remember him. This resembles him, this picture, it does indeed." He I remember also you.'

You must have a wonderful memory,

The governor held up his hands. 'One remembers everything that happened in a year like that," he said, "a year that wiped out thousands upon thousands of our people.'

"Is there any clue to my father?" queried Annette.

"Little one," said the governor, there was no clue to anything or any-

Annette rose, "There's nothing else that you remember of my father?" she please."

"The governor searched his memory, "Yes," he said. "I think a mystery-there was a tang of adventure about him. He, too, was a roveralways restless-always on the move. But for his child one might have called him a soldier of fortune-honest, perhaps too henest, but fearless-

"And true," said Annette. "Fearless and true," repeated the

governor nodding. "What is past is past," he said. "Old Pelee is ashamed of himself. The Isle of Martinique grows green. We sing, we laugh, my people and myself. Even all this week we celebrate. You must join us." He signed half a dozen cards of invitation and handed them to Joe Welcher, who sat quite as usual, sulking in the background. "The governor's levee," he went on airily, "and you are all invited."

## CHAPTER XXVI.

The Razor Back.

Around the corner of the coast line on the Isle of Martinique-invisible both from the bridge of the destroyer Jackson and from the grounds of the governor, there jutted out into the sea a cliff, stern and forbidding. As a matter of fact, it was not all rock, this cliff-a large part of its formation was of clay. Down the face of this cliff, its sharp edges rising now and then into the air like peaks, there trailed a path, narrow and perilous, from shore to cliff edge, known to certain of the inhabitants of Martinique

Along this sharp, steep edge ran companions, the big man and the a rope, and climbing the Razor Back, clinging to this rope with a huge burden on his shoulders, upward crawled skylight once again." told him. He waited impa-into the beach, was a disreputable. Sisted the gentleman of Martinique to d down upon the wharf again. looking boat laden with heavy wooden

This man, in reality a giant, looked like a pygmy from below as he crawled hand over hand to the heights above. At the edge of the cliff he was assisted by two other men who dragged him on to terra firms and who relieved him of his burden. This burden they carried between them to a hut. Before doing so they cut the big man across the shoulders with a whip and pointed to the shore below. The big man nodded. He stood for one moment on the edge of the cliff and gazed about him. He gauged the grade of the wicked, sharp, big Razor Back, and nodded once again; then nimbly he leaped over the face of the cliff, striking his heels into the edge of that perilous path some thirty feet or more below-and then in spite of his huge bulk ran like a deer down to the beach.

The men above dropped their burden and watched him.

"Ah," said Hernandez to his comrade Ponto, "the beast—he knows that Razor Back. He has not forgotten fifteen years ago."

There was a touch upon Hernandez' shoulder. Hernandez whirled as though at the fall of a trigger. A third man faced him, low-browed, cunning-eyed. Hernandez breathed a sigh of relief.

Half an hour later, with his final load strapped to his back, the brute climbed for the last time over the edge of the cliff, this time bearing his own burden to the hut. The three men already within the hut admitted

There was no window to this hut, and the light within was dim. The room was bare. "Tidy little bungalow, friend smuggler of Martinique,"

The other man smiled grimly in his turn. "Tidy is the word, soldier of



fortune," he returned. "At any rate it's cafe. You think all the palace

He strode to the corner of the hut smiled. "I remember something else. down he cleared away a number of "You remember me," cried Assette. ed up a sheetiron door, With an exclamation of surprise Hernandez and his companions observed that there was a narrow passageway cut through the solid earth. One by one each man lowered himself into this passageway and followed his leader. From a perpendicular shaft the corridor shelled off into a passage almost horizontal and widened as it went.

"This," said the smuggler of Martinique, "is the third story, as it were. Neat, not gaudy."

"Now for the bathroom, if you

This time they descended a wider set of stairs and stepped out upon a ledge that surrounded a deep and limpid pool of water. Hernandez regarded this pool attentively.

"First it rises," he exclaimed, "and

then it falls." "Ah," said the man of Martinique, "we are at sea level. This is a cave and there is no outlet to it."

"Somewhere there is," returned Hernandez.

"Yes, in the attic-the sky parlor,"

said the other man. "Somewhere else," said Hernandez. "Oh, well, if you will," said the smuggler, "but one must swim under water to find the other outlet." He folded his arms. "What do you think

of my palace now?" he said. He stooped and plucked at another iron ring in the floor. It disclosed a smaller hole-filled with contents of

strange appearance. Hernandez seized the lantern. "What of this?" he said. "This commodity I do not know."

"Careful," exclaimed the other man. 'If those ghouls, the authorities, ever have the temerity to discover my cache, I shall not be here. I shall be a mile away-a mile, not less; and from that safe point of vantage I shall press a button and-pouf-none will ever live to tell the tale-none, save myself."

Hernandez eyed the other man with undisguised admiration.

"How I should like to see it work,"

he said. The other nodded. "Some daywho knows-you shall, for you are a man after my own heart, friend Hernandez. Come, let us ascend to the

They did as they were bid and as-

(Continued on page 5.)

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